STAGELAND FAVORITES WHO ARE NATIVES OF WASHINGTON

Two Score and More Are Already on the Road to Fame.

Whole City Is a School for Development of Histrionic Talent.

T. Berger.

"Has Washington a school for actors?" repeated a tired theater manager to an ambitious young girl. "Has Washington a school for actors? Why, the whole city is a school for actors. We must have at least as many good ones to our credit as New York. Go thou and do likewise."

The young aspirant turned away in manifest doubt whether the manager to whom she had gone for advice was serious or not. Two or three bystanders laughed a little, and the ticket man in the box office called out "How many, please?" But the manager went back to his desk and worked silently for a few minutes on the following list of actors who look to Washington as their home:

Charles B. Hanford,	Sandol Milliken,
Effie Shannon,	George Denham,
Wilton Lackaye,	W. H. Conley,
James Lackaye,	Richard Buhler,
Helen Lackaye,	Wallace Worsely,
Harry Gilfoil,	Thurlow Bergen,
Daniel Frawley,	Hans Roberts,
Tim Murphy,	Arthur Earnest,
Dorothy Sherrod,	Eleanor Montell,
William Pruette,	Alice Judson,
Carrie Bridewell,	Kathleen Chambers,
Eugenie Blair,	Lillian Sefton,
Annie Sutherland,	Margaret Walker,
Frederick Bond,	Marie Gambel,
Mary Sanders,	William W. Cullison
Nat M. Wills,	Percy Wimsett,
Robert Downing,	Tefft Johnson,
Goeffrey Stein,	Ernest Scheyer,
Percy Leech,	Claude Stewart.

It was a long list, longer than anyone who does not follow local theatrical affairs closely would have suspected. It is not an unimportant list, either, as almost any road manager on the circuit would testify. Yet the men who make theatrical conditions in the Capital their particular study had no explanation to offer either as to its size or its importance.

But for a full view of the case, it is necessary to add to the manager's list the names of the following Washington actors who are now dead: Jerome Sykes, Lizzie Macnichol, Annie Lewis, Harry Buckingham.

The showing, then, is that about forty actors have left Washington to grace the modern stage. Of those still acting William Pruette, Carrie Bridewell, Sandol Milliken, Nat M. Wills, Hans Roberts, Alice Judson, Lillian Sefton, Margaret Walker, and Marie Gambel are now, or have been, in opera or musical comedy. The others, with two or three notable exceptions, are members of companies playing characteristic "comedy-drama" of the period. A word of introduction may give some of them added interest to their fellow-townsmen.

Mr. Hanford is as well known locally as one of the District Commissioners. This is not only his home; he comes to it whenever he has a chance and every Fourth of July he recites in the vast court of the Pension Bureau "The Star-Spangled Banner," so that the 2,000 clerks of that office know him well by sight and voice.

EFFIE SHANNON.

Mr. Hanford has long been conspicuous as one of the ablest Shakespearean actors now on the American stage. In such roles as Brutus, Lear, and Benedick, indeed, he is regarded by many cities as without a peer. For two or three years he has been unable to reach Washington in the middle of the season and he refuses to make his home a convenience either for the beginning or the end of his tours. Everywhere else his admirable productions of Shakespearean dramas are well known—from Buffalo to Los Angeles. But in Washington his reputation as an actor depends rather on the judgment of critics in other cities and pales before his known ability as an elocutionist.

Miss Shannon has risen to distinction as an exponent of the society drama. Her reputation depends chiefly on a series of seasons with Herbert Kelcey in which the two actors were engaged as joint stars. Almost everyone who goes to the theater has seen "The Moth and the Flame." It is typical of the drama to which Miss Shannon seems best fitted. She is now acting in it for the fourth season. Giles Shine, who is Miss Shannon's husband, also lives in Washington. What with busy and long tours, however, and a summer spent in a cottage at the seaside or in the mountains their neighbors see much too little of both Miss Shannon and Mr. Shine.

The three Lackayes are examples of inherited will power rather than inherited talent. Their father, James Lackey, lives in Washington at 419 G Street northwest, and is a clerk in the Pension Bureau. Wilton Lackaye, whose name is really William Lackey, was the first of the children to go on the stage. James followed after an interval of several years. Last of all, their sister Helen followed the two boys. No one of the three found any royal road to success. Wilton fought for his present position, as one of the best living character actors, in the face of the greatest discouragement. "Jim," who never asked for favor on any ground, met with antagonism because he had a successful brother. James' difficulties piled on William's represent Helen's task. Yet all three are now undoubted successes. It will be a long time before theatergoers of today forget Wilton Lackaye as Svengali, Rabbi Schemoul, and Dr. Belgrade, or James Lackaye as Simon Peter in "York State Folks."

James Lackaye.

Harry Gilfoil used to come home every season as the whistling waiter and wheezy old man in "A Trip to Chinatown." Not long ago he gleamed behind the footlights of the Columbia in the glory of a star among "Liberty Belles." He is known chiefly for quiet, unobtrusive humor and an inexhaustible supply of imitations, ranging from a contented cat purring before an open fire to the rattle and "fft-fft" of the knife sharpener.

Daniel Frawley and Tim Murphy stand alike for serious, earnest character plays. Mr. Frawley widened his circle of friends here not long ago by organizing and managing a stock company of extraordinary merit. He is himself an actor of much more than ordinary ability, and is now making a tour of the Antipodes with a good supporting company. Mr. Murphy and his wife, Dorothy Sherrod, are fast succeeding to the honors left without claimants when Sol Smith Russell died at the Richmond, a year or two ago. Mr. Russell, like Mr. Murphy, was a Washingtonian. It is more than singular that "Tim" should now be playing a drama written by another Washingtonion, Paul Wilstach. Mr. Murphy is a born comedian. The simplest story, in its telling, grows and broadens until everyone within hearing laughs. He has, moreover, rare delicacy in acting scenes of pathos, so that in plays like Martha Morton's "A Bachelor's Romance" he simply shines. Miss Sherrod is an admirable "opposite."

William Pruette has been conspicuous in opera for many years. His greatest success, probably, was attained as Rob Roy, in the opera of that name, written by one of his neighbors, Mr. De Koven. Mr. Pruette has a baritone voice of marked beauty, sings and acts with much art, and has contributed to the success of many companies and many operas. Musical comedy carried him along with it, however, as it has carried nearly every other baritone and tenor on the stage. His last coming to Washington was in the role of the Admiral in "A Chinese Honeymoon."

Miss Bridewell is contributing to the forces of Herr Conried, of the Metropolitan Grand Opera House, New York, the strength and beauty of a remarkably fine mezzo-soprano voice. She has been heard here in concert many times, but is almost unknown as an actor. She is established, everywhere, however, as one of the most eminent vocalists America has given to the concert stage and her rise in opera will be followed expectantly by music-lovers here and elsewhere.

Eugenie Blair has lived for several years on the bank of the Anacostia River not far from Benning. Every summer she retires there after a hard season of the most severe emotional roles, such as Zaza and Camille. Before her divorce from Robert Downing eight years ago the two actors "farmed" together, and a smart trap driven briskly about Washington used to identify them to scores of local well-wishers. Eleanor Montell, who played at the Lafayette early this season in "The Girl and the Judge" is Miss Blair's daughter.

Annie Sutherland, Frederick Bond and Mary Sanders claim Washington as the result of residence here through two or three between-season intervals.

Miss Sutherland is an unusually beautiful and charming young woman, who has accomplished remarkable things on the stage. Although young enough to contribute distinct charm to "The Last Appeal" as one of the two young women who figured in that play, Miss Sutherland was for two seasons leading woman in Joseph Jefferson's company.

Mr. Bond and Miss Sanders were figures in half a dozen Washington stock companies. No one who can remember back to 1895, or even to 1898, can forget the scenes of remarkable enthusiasm with which midsummer audiences in the staid old Capital City bade these two actors reluctant farewells at the close of their stock seasons.

Nat. Wills is the son of rest. A tramp specialty in vaudeville made him famous—not because he happened to strike a popular fancy, but because he did his task better than any of the score or more of vaudeville actors who were then his rivals. Today he heads his own musical comedy company.

Robert Downing in "The Gladiator" was as necessary to the mental development of Washington youth, a few years ago, as the study of ancient history. This actor essayed tragedy almost exclusively, and by means of a fine voice, admirably used, long held the support of a distinctive clientela all over the country. Of late years Mr. Downing has conducted schools of acting.

Of the others in the list Sandol Milliken and Richard Buhler have been at the head of good companies, the former as the original "Girl in the Cage," and Mr. Buhler as "Paul Revere." Alice Judson has attained to a conspicuous position in opera, and is now with the Bostonians. Kathleen Chambers was for a season prominent in the supporting company of Mary Mannering, but has now married and retired from the stage.

The following hold good positions in companies maintained by such managers as Charles Frohman: Geoffrey Stein, Percy Leech, George Denham, W. H. Conley, Wallace Worsely, Thurlow Bergen, Hans Roberts, Arthur Earnest, Lillian Sefton, Margaret Walker, Marie Gambel, William W. Cullison, Percy Wimsett, Tefft Johnson, Ernest Scheyer, and Claude Stewart.

A significant and gratifying feature of this list is that nearly every one named in it has entered upon acting as a serious and earnest profession. Not a few gave up important positions of other sorts to become actors. Mr. Bergen, for example, retiring from the American Security and Trust Company to enter the support of Sol Smith Russell. In ten years actors who view their art in this light may rightfully expect to make conspicuous advance.

ELEANOR MONTELL.

EUGENIE BLAIR.

CHARLES HANFORD.

JEROME SYKES.

Alice Judson.

Stars of Magnitude in Opera as Well as Other Ventures.

However, Women Are in Greater Numbers Than the Men.

INDIANS ARE MASONS.

GRAND SECRETARY W. W. PERRY, of the Wisconsin Grand Lodge, who recently made a tour of investigation among the Red Men, said that Masonry exists among the Indians.

"They have no lodges that I know of," said he, "and I don't know where they got their Masonry, but some of the Indians are good Masons. I remember having heard stories of narrow escapes from death and disaster by white men making themselves known as Masons. Many years ago they brought a shipload of slaves to New Orleans, and when one of them was put on the block to be auctioned off he made the Masonic hailing sign. He was taken down from the block, examined, and found to be a Mason. He was not sold into slavery, but a purse was raised by the New Orleans Masons to purchase his freedom, and he was sent back to Africa."

LITTLEFIELD
ADAMSON
SIMMONS

GOOD STORIES TOLD BY AND ABOUT CONGRESSMEN

HENRY
WILEY
MONEY

Milked a Bear.

It is not often that Representative Henry of Connecticut pushes himself down in one of the easy chairs of the cloak room and spins a yarn, but when he does it is safe to buy pools that it is a good one. One day recently he said in his quiet way:

"Back in the old days of Connecticut there was a 'distinguished divine' who every Sabbath expounded the Gospel at a country church. He was not an educated man, and usually called upon some friend to read the text, usually explaining that it made no difference from what chapter or what verse the Gospel was read he could expound it. One Sunday the parson's assistant read from the twenty-second chapter of Genesis, which contains the words: 'These eight did Milcha bear to Nahor, Abraham's brother.'

"'Now, my brethren and sisteren,' began the parson, as the Good Book was closed and he stepped behind the high-up pulpit, 'we will consider these blessed words, these 'spired words which should teach us that we are in a better fix than the Christians of the old days—the days when that blessed old Book was written on pages of stone. We have cows, horses, goats, sheep, and all kinds of animals and chickens, ducks, and turkeys and so on, an' our hearts ought to be overflowed with gladness and thankfulness. We have our women folks an' cows for them to milk, an' all our wants are supplied. Back in the days of old Abraham the case was different, for as you have hearn from the reading of the Scriptures it took eight to milk a bear. Yes, three, it took eight to milk a bear, and the chances are that that one old she bear didn't give as much milk as a common goat.'"

Wasn't Worn Out.

"When good old General Quitman was a candidate for governor of my State against Foote," relates Senator Money of Mississippi, "he was addressing a vast crowd of people in one of the interior towns. The general aroused tremendous enthusiasm, and the rural people were simply wild. He said that he had come into that section a poor, friendless youth; that he had met the hand of good-fellowship and had been lifted safely through all opposition to positions of public trust; he was sensible that he owed the people all that he was or ever expected to be, and that a life devoted to their services could never repay them. 'Under my guidance,' he said, 'the flag of old Mississippi was ever among the foremost in bravery and in danger. The rush of war is over and I return to you in the garb of peace. I have toiled for you unremittingly, and I am willing to continue this toil if you want me. I have worked for you and am still in harness, my friends. I am worn out, but I am still willing.'

"A big fellow wearing a coonskin cap and who had repeatedly yelled out that the old general was some pumpkins, rushed up to him and grasping his hands said:

"'Gin'ril, you're my man, all the time—from hell ter breakfast—an' it's er shame ter keep yer workin' for us all yer nateral life, so I'll just vote fer the other feller an' let you rest er spell. Shame ter work sich a man ter death.'

"The good old general consumed several minutes explaining to the fellow in the coonskin cap that he wasn't ready to be laid on the shelf and wasn't so near worn out as he appeared."

Too Much Pie.

"A fellow down in my State," said Representative Adamson, "left a provision in his will that his widow and children should furnish the guests of the hotel which they had been conducting with chicken pie every day during the year, and it is my understanding that the last request has been religiously carried out.

"I might manage to pull through with chicken pie every day in the year, but I balk on this 'moonshine' baker's bread which is ladled out at every home and hotel in Washington. I was raised on corn bread and biscuits, the old-fashioned kind, by Jinks, I want one or the other. It is said that man can't live on bread alone, and I think I would peter out in six weeks time if I was forced to partake of the moonshine stuff as a steady diet.

"How's that? Yes, it's a fact about the old fellow and the will, and Smithville, where the hotel is, has long been a favorite place, and the hotel is popular with transients, but regulars don't stay long, for the thought of having to feast on chicken pie every day kinder goes against their stomachs, it reaches the point where ghosts of roosters, old hens, and frying chickens perform nocturnal dances on their abdomens."

Slashing Around.

Representative Wiley of Alabama has in his district the celebrated county of Pike, made famous by one of its inhabitants originating the expression "just sloshin' about."

It seems that at a certain "court time" in days a-gone there was a trial of several citizens for participating in a general row, a fist and skull knock-down-and-drag-out, the kind of set-tos which were often indulged in the days before the war. One of the witnesses kept repeating in his evidence that Jenkins "just kept sloshin' about." The counsel for the defense asked the witness:

"Come, witness, tell what Mr. Jenkins had to do with this row."

"Jenkins? Why, I told yer several times that the rest of 'em clinched and paired off, but Jenkins, he just kept sloshin' around."

"Yes, but what did he do? 'Just kept sloshin' around' is not legal evidence, sir."

"Well, John Brewer and Jim Sykes, they clinched an fit—that's legal, ain't it?"

"Yes; go on."

"Clem Green and Dan Vaughn, they clinched and went at it—that's legal, too, ain't it?"

"Certainly, but go on."

"Abe Elliott hammered Joe Davis and bit him on the ear—that's legal, ain't it?"

"Guess it is. What next?"

"Ed Skinner and Bill Graves fout like tigers—that's legal, ain't it?"

"Go on, sir."

"And of all the bitin', gougin', and scratchin' yer ever seed Will Phipps and Big Bill Owings done it—that's legal, ain't it?"

"Thunderation, yes, but what did Jenkins do—what do you mean when you say he was 'just sloshin' around?"

"Jenkins? Yes. Well he just walked aroun', backward and forward through the crowd, with a big stick in his hand, and knockin' 'em right an' left whenever he found a man who wasn't fightin'. That is what I call just sloshin' around, an' it hain't legal, either, by Gad, sah."

Change in Sentiment.

"We never miss a good man until he is with us no more," says a New York Representative. "I remember having frequently heard my father tell about the death of an old negro in New York. After slavery had been abolished in my State, many of the slaves remained in the families of their former owners as servants. Frequently they were as much of a burden as a help, but there was that attachment which forbade letting them go. A family named Elmendorf had a young negro named Pete, full of devilment, never useful, always troublesome, and a thorn in the flesh to the entire family. He had been petted and spoiled and believed that he was as good or better than the 'white folks.'

"But Pete died, and all the colored folks took part in the funeral services, and good old man Elmendorf and his family stood around the grave as the body was lowered. Tears were in the eyes of the 'white folks,' and the old negro minister took occasion to say:

"'De 'white folks' am eben droppin' a tear ober de grave of poor Pete. When dis young nigger was libbin' he wuz good fer nothin'—we all knows his failins, but now dat he am dead, Mr. Elmendorf hab lost er powerful fine nigger.'"

His Family Record.

Representative Littlefield of Maine tells this:

"A really good minister generally has a ready answer for him who would cast a slur on the Bible or on religion. It seems that the good Lord has furnished them with the ammunition which is always ready to be fired into the scoffer and sinner.

"In my State a good minister had an appointment to preach at one of the small places, a rough and ready sort of joint, where the men didn't care much how things went. It was Saturday evening when the minister rode up to the only hotel or boarding house in the place, and he was soon surrounded by several of the men who had been imbibing in the speak-easy. One of them asked:

"'Be you the parson who has come here to preach?'

"'Yes, sir,' calmly and politely replied the minister.

"'Well, parson, can you tell me and my friends how old the devil is?'

"'Keep your own family record, my friend,' was the quick answer as the minister dismounted and walked into the house."

He Was Stingy.

Hardshell Baptists furnish a rich variety of amusing stories for those of the lawmakers who live in the rural districts. This one is told on the Hardshellers by Senator Simmons, of North Carolina.

"The Hardshell Baptists are among the best people on earth—in North Carolina or anywhere else. In many instances they are not the most highly educated, but they know nothing outside of doing right and being scrupulously honest. It is the custom of these people to hold a yearly 'association,' as they call their convention or conference. These meetings are something after the order of the camp meetings of the Methodists, save, as I am told, that the Baptists believe that good whisky is an essential part of good living. They do not go behind the door to take a nip. While making arrangements for one of these associations the Baptists in the neighborhood had gathered at the place to arrange the meeting house, and one of them asked a neighbor.

"'Well, Brother Morrow, what preparation have you made for entertaining the brethren at your house?'

"'Brother Beavers, I've laid in a barrel of flour and a gallon of whisky,' was the reply.

"'A gallon of whisky for a big meeting!' exclaimed Brother Beavers in astonishment. 'A gallon of whisky! Do say! Why, I've laid in a whole barrel, and you're just as able, Brother Morrow, to support the Gospel as I am. A barrel of whisky for a big meeting! Do say!'"

B. C. AND A. D.

"WHAT does B. C. stand for?" asked the little boy who was studying his lessons at home. Information being given, he bent his head once more over his book and lapsed into silence. Knowing full well that the boy never let the opportunity for asking a question slip and having been particularly pestered that evening by his persistent inquiries, his older sister with all the petulance of long-wearied patience said:

"Now, why in the world don't you ask what A. D. means?"

"Huh? I know that," he retorted scornfully. "It means 'after the devil,' of course."